

I made every Mistake

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by [SeraphiraLilith](#)

Summary

We've seen how Tommy's side of the story continues - let's take a look at Blob :)

Straight into a Massacre

He was awake.

Green eyes landed on a white circle of porcelain resting on the nightstand and stayed there.

He breathed and the air tasted like dust and sweat and wood, no gunpowder or saltwater or rotting fish far and wide.

He could understand how this drove Tommy off the cliff and into madness.

He had died. **He** knew **he** had died. **He** remembered Everything cutting out and the blackness and the shimmering light.

A hand – strong and muscular and covered in flesh; not just boney with taut skin spanning over joints and veins – reached out for the mask with the *oh so familiar* symbol of a smiley-face that was sitting there, so close, waiting, *taunting him*.

A hairbreadth away from the smooth material did **his** fingers halt, keeping **him** from what **he** was so cruelly in their uncertainty.

He frowned and sat up in bed, facing the mask fully.

He could leave it be. Leave it on the nightstand to catch dust and be forgotten.

It could change everything.

He thought about Tommy hugging **him** and crying about how he died. How **he** had killed him.

A small, broken part of **him** was begging to let the mask be, *even better*, burn it! But... **he** *couldn't*.

And so **he** reached out for the mask once more, casting the shell **Dream** had built during his Exile behind.

Blob died. Shrivelled up right inside him – cracked apart and torn open was this last defence of his, as **Dream**, *finally*, after over a **year** of hibernation took a breath again.

He had been curled up inside his own mind. Resting, waiting, lying still and breathing shallowly like a parasite on the hunt, like a tick waiting for its prey – **Dream** had kept out an eye for his opportunity to re-emerge like the disgusting little thing he had been told he was and here he could finally crawl out of his hidey-hole and stretch out again.

With one swift motion was the mask snatched off the table and shoved over his face.

Next he left the bed.

Dream knew **Tommy** wasn't here. **Tommy** didn't even have in mind to hurt him, right now.

He needed to be first. Break the boy before he could be broken.

Never, never again would he turn into **Blob**.

Dream would rather *die* than to do that to himself again.

Green eyes, poisonous and glowing, found an axe and a sword hanging off the wall.

His twin-weapons. The **Nightmare**'s.

An unhinged grin spread over **Dream**'s face as he stumbled over to the wall and caressed the shimmering metal with trembling fingers.

He had them *back*.

And this time he wouldn't lose them.

This time, he wouldn't lose anything.

Dream searched through the room, locating his armour and putting it on clumsily – it's been so long since he used all those loops and belts and buckles to strap on a chestplate.

With a heaving chest and twitching fingers did he pick his sword and axe off their display and weighted them in once-again strong hands, swinging experimentally to see if he still could wield them at all.

Tommy really had done a number on him, but his body still seemed to know what to do.

Dream laughed, elated at the fact that he was *back* .

And then he headed for the door, ready to go looking for Sapnap and George.

He would have to buy Punz and Purpled.

Maybe get Bad on their side.

He had a war to win.

A monster to defeat.

And Dream wouldn't fail.

I witnessed their Deaths firsthand

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He was awake.

It was... disorientating.

The room surrounding him was made from stone, not spruce wood. It didn't smell like ocean water, mould and gunpowder.

Instead, a scent of cool, clear water, dust and apples wavered through the air.

It made him... uncomfortable.

He was lying in an actual bed, not a wild assortment of torn fabrics surrounded by a small wooden frame to keep them off the ground and in one place.

The mattress was... soft. *Too soft*. It felt like the bed was trying to swallow him whole.

He fought himself off the quick-sand-like furniture and stumbled when socked feet caught onto an actual carpet of lime-green colour.

Dull green eyes flittered all over the room, taking in the dozens of chests that lined the wall, the stands with full iron, gold, diamond and netherite armour, all of them enchanted and glowing in a glorious purple that promised that they were strong.

Blob... guessed those were his, now? It made his skin crawl. Tommy never allowed him to keep armour. Tools were fine to be kept for a day, but never ever ever was Blob allowed to wear armour.

It was a sign of distrust and defiance, after all.

But... those were some *good* sets.

He was just going to... leave them be. If he didn't touch them it should be fine. There's no need to destroy them, if he didn't use them.

Something white in the corner of his view caught Blob's attention.

He turned to see what it was and stumbled away with a startled shout at the white mask with a simple smile painted onto it.

His feet got caught in the carpet once more and sent him tumbling down with another scared sound. His back hit the ground painfully, forcing the air out of his lungs with a wheeze. It didn't matter. Blob scrambled away from the cursed object on the nightstand wide-eyed and with his heart racing inside his chest.

Where... where was *Tommy*!?

This would be much easier with Tommy!

But he *knew* . He already ***knew*** what was happening. It just made ***sense*** .

Tommy had talked about dying. Had said that Dream killed him.

Tommy hadn't died a single time.

Blob was... *back* . Probably. Just like Tommy had been.

He was... no. No! He *wasn't* Dream! He would never be like that again.

But...

NO!

He hurried back to his feet and rushed over to the mask.

Maybe...

Just *maybe* ...

But what if...?

He clutched the white mask with shaking and jittering fingers and rubbed a thumb over the indent where he had painted an eye.

This... his stomach cramped as he looked at the object he associated with *so many* nightmares.

It was blurring.

His face felt hot and wet.

Oh... he was crying.

That wasn't good. Tommy didn't like it when he did that.

He — he needed to get rid of this. He had to— he had to —!

It fell out of Blob's spasming grip and clattered to the ground, making the man flinch at the loud sound.

Throw your mask into the hole, Dream

A whimper forced itself out of his throat and he stepped away from the cursed object.

He... he needed to find out *when* he was.

Maybe, *maybe*, **maybe** it wasn't too late and there was no...

He frowned.

There had been something *bad*.

There was a chance that Tommy didn't need to take care of him, and that would be really nice.

He loved Tommy! Don't get him wrong!

But... it'd be... nice, to not be scared. To be *home*. To have other friends.

And, well. It'd be good for Tommy, too, right? To not have to provide for him and help him anymore, *right*?

It *had* to be.

Blob looked down on himself with a frown when he saw a neon green hoodie on his person.

That wouldn't do.

Tommy *hated* this colour.

After a bit of searching through the chests he found a nice sheet of olive-green fabric and a pair of dark brown trousers.

Tommy had taught him how to sew during Exile, after he gave up his... yeah.

The fabric would make a good shirt.

He drew the pattern he knew by heart by now with a bit of coal, only to realize that he wasn't as thin and scrawny as he was used to when he picked up the shears to cut out the pattern.

So he had to measure himself and *redraw* the entire pattern, before finally sewing his new shirt.

The fact that his hair wasn't falling into his eyes and face every other second was very convenient.

He threw the hoodie into the fireplace without a second thought, he didn't want to wear it ever again.

And then he grabbed an iron axe (just to be sure. He wouldn't attack anyone, he promised!) and left his base.

The Community House was standing.

...

The Community House . Was Standing .

...

And it still was there, even after he repeated that same thought several more times in his mind.

Tommy didn't magically jump around the corner with his sword in one hand and a big red button in the other to blow it to high heavens.

A part of him felt strangely... offended at the fact that the building was just... *back* .

All fine and well and dubious craftsmanship, since the people who created it weren't really builders at all.

It was whole again and Blob... wasn't.

He wandered over the wooden planks leading to the house reverently, feeling like he was stepping into a sacred place.

His fingers ghosted over wooden walls and he peered down at clear water and the bottom of the lake.

He was scared it would vanish. That it would grow muddy and poisoned before his very eyes.

Blob wanted it to *be*.

He was roaming the place like a ghost haunting the past.

So many things hadn't happened yet. Everything was still intact.

... George and Sapnap still had all their lives. He still had his lives! L'Manburg might not even be an idea at this point!

He... honestly didn't want to know if the Van was already standing, or if the walls were being built, or if the military was fully formed with the "*Declaration of Independance*" and his declaration of war lying in showcases inside the former drug-van.

He didn't know, he didn't care.

Blob wanted to have nothing to do with any of it.

Standing in the middle of the Claimed Lands felt suffocating and made his skin itch like drying saltwater.

He just... wanted to be free.

He really couldn't care less to bother with war and death and the likes.

He liked peace. He dreaded the 16th, the days of terror when Tommy would come to him looking for violence.

But this land and its people were cursed, condemned to a life of suffering.

Blob... couldn't take that. Not again.

So... he wouldn't.

He found Sapnap and George close to the Community House, not wearing any armour, not carrying any weapons. Sitting in the grass and just talking, enjoying themselves.

He wanted to cry at the sight. Blob sniffed at the view of his two friends, happy and healthy. How had Tommy been able to *do this* without giving himself away ???

Sapnap noticed him first.

"Holy fuck! Dream, is that *you*?" , yelped the Blaze Hybrid, making Blob flinch at his old name.

George whirled around at the exclamation.

"Dude, did you lose your mask?! Are you okay? Where is your hoodie?!"

Blob laughed nervously and scratched at the back of his head in an embarrassed gesture.

"I uh... ahahahaa... well... I dunno if you noticed that I've been thinking recently? But... I was having a bit of an... identity crisis? so to say?"

Okay, Blobby, you can do this. Just make it seem normal that you're totally different. You can do it!

... but how?

Both his friends looked confused, George's eyebrows flying so far up it's halfway impressive they're still on his face.

Sapnap patted the grass next to them.

"I take you came to a conclusion, then? Tell us, dude!"

Blob plopped down onto the spot Sapnap had indicated and sighed.

"I think so. It's a couple of things... I'm planning on leaving. Like. Permanently. Not the Server! Just... the Claimed Lands. I feel like something bad is about to happen and I don't want to be here for it. And... I'd like for you to come with me?"

Blob stared at the ground, nervously plucking out grass blades and twirling them between... his... fingers.

"If it's about Tommy and Wilbur with their Van, I'm sure it'll work out fine. No need to get all paranoid."

"It won't work out fine.", grumbled Blob defensively and threw the grass in his hand away with a jerky motion.

"I *know* something will go wrong. I just *know it*. And I don't wanna be here when it all goes down and I'd feel better if you were neither."

Sapnap and George exchanged some glances while Blob pouted.

"Look. I made this Server to live in peace, and I'd like to keep it that way! If I have to leave the majority behind for that to happen, then so be it.", snapped the blonde with a scowl and tore out another chunk of grass.

George cleared his throat, looking slightly uncomfortable,

"Sure, Dream, we'll... think about it. Talk about it a bit more, later. Okay?"

Blob nodded once, without looking up.

He... really didn't like the name.

"I... uhm...", the words died out, not leaving his tongue.

How could he explain a new name away?

He looked over to where L'Manburg was going to be in the future in his search for an answer, and thought of *Eret*.

Usually, people change their name when they declare their new gender, is what they had said once during a conversation about Pride and Identity.

So if... they(?) was to say that xyrs(?) name was Blob from now on, and that faers(?) old name made one(?) highly uncomfortable, maybe hus(?) friends would accept pers(?) request and call thon(?) how *it* wanted from now on.

... it.

The pronouns send an invisible shiver down its spine.

Tommy most certainly would find it funny that out of the vast assortment of neopronouns it tried out, that the one used for *objects* was the one it could identify with the most.

It probably wasn't healthy for Blob, but what else was it supposed to do?

It, it was.

"... I don't really... like my old name anymore...", muttered Blob without looking into its friends' eyes,

"... or my pronouns. Feels... feels *wrong*, y'know...?"

A pained wheeze left Blob's throat as panic closed in and its friends remained silent.

They probably hated it now. Hated that Blob had pretended to be something it wasn't.

"Hey- hey. It's *fine* . Deep breaths, dude. Uhhh... is it okay if we still call you that?"

Prime, it loved Sapnap right now.

Blob nodded as its eyes stung and sucked in a heaving breath.

"You're doing great. Breathe for us once more.", encouraged George.

Blob felt even more like crying, it didn't deserve such nice and accepting friends.

It took a while for Blob to work its lungs the right way, but it managed and that was what was important.

And it was nice that Sapnap and George hadn't attacked it during the process.

Tommy would have long since hit Blob over the head or kicked against its ribs with a barked order to pull itself together.

This was much better, concluded Blob.

"I — I'd like to be called Blob, from now on? And use the pronouns It/Its, please?"

Sapnap and George blinked at him a couple of times, something unbelieving in their expressions, but then the Blaze Hybrid gave him a feral grin and George a soft smile.

"Sure, Blob. We can do that."

"Fuck yeah! Blobby for the go!", cheered Sapnap, spreading pleasant warmth all through Blob's innards.

This was *right*, it could make this work.

"So...", started George with a soft tone while laying back down on the soft grass,

"Where would you plan to go?"

Blob smiled and looked up at the sky.

"South-south-east. And I'd just keep going until I feel like there is no chance for this part of the Server to ever reach me again.

Wanna join?"

It didn't want to be another Monster.

Chapter End Notes

Now, what I want to clarify is this:

These chapter's are /options/. They might have happened, or maybe they didn't.

Whatever you thought the next Run might hold is 1000% and absolutely correct, no matter how crazy, unrealistic, or unfitting it may be.

In the end, this is about probability. /Everything/ is possible. This was just me showing what I thought to be most likely.

Either that it's a circle - Dream hurts Tommy and kills him - Tommy hurts Dream and kills him - Dream hurts Tommy and

Or that the circle gets interrupted. Dream leaves and the necessary Players for the next Run never enter.

I honestly don't quite like how this turned out but I'll take it.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!